

themselves all men of haire, they call themselves Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a galley-maunty of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

*Shep.* Away: Wee'l none o't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

*Pol.* You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

*Ser.* One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'squire.

*Shep.* Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

*Ser.* Why, they stay at doore Sir.

*Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.*

*Pol.* O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter: Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them, He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire sheheard) Your heart is full of something, that do's take Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong, And handed lowe, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ranfackt The Pedlers filken Treasurie, and haue pow'd it To her acceptance: you haue let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happie holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts shee looks from me, are packt and lockt Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already, But not deliver'd. O heere me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme) Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand, As soft as Doves downe, and as white as it, Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.

*Pol.* What follows this? How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out, But to your protestation: Let me heare What you professe.

*Flo.* Do, and be witnesse too't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all; That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch The most worthy: were I the fayrest youth That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge More then was euer mans, I would not prize them Without her Loue; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice, Or to their owne perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Cam.* This shewes a sound affection.

*Shep.* But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

*Per.* I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out The puritie of his.

*Shep.* Take hands, a bargaine; And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't: I giue my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

*Flo.* O, that must bee Ith Vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on, Contract vs fore these Witnesse.

*Shep.* Come, your hand: And daughter, yours.

*Pol.* Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you, Haue you a Father?

*Flo.* I haue: but what of him?

*Pol.* Knowes he of this?

*Flo.* He neither do's, nor shall.

*Pol.* Me-thinks a Father,

Is at the Nuptiall of his soane, a guest That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more Is not your Father growne incapable Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare? Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate? Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing But what he did, being childish?

*Flo.* No good Sir: He has his health, and ampler strength indeede Then most haue of his age.

*Pol.* By my white beard, You offer him (if this be so) a wrong Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile In such a businesse.

*Flo.* I yeeld all this; But for some other reasons (my graue Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My Father of this businesse.

*Pol.* Let him know't.

*Flo.* He shall not.

*Pol.* Prethee let him.

*Flo.* No, he must not.

*Shep.* Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

*Flo.* Come, come, he must not: Marke our Contract.

*Pol.* Marke your diuorce (yong sir) Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire, That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor, I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know The royall Foole-thou coap't with.

*Shep.* Oh my heart.

*Pol.* He haue thy beauty scratcht with briars & made More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy) If I may euer know thou dost but sigh, That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre then Denialion off: (marke thou my words) Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Wor.

Worthy enough a Heardsmen: yea him too, That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein) Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou These rurall Latches, to his entrance open, Or hope his body more, with thy embraces, I will deuise a death, as cruell for thee As thou art tender to't.

*Perd.* Euen heere vndone: I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice I was about to speake, and tell him plainly, The selfe same Sun, that shines vpon his Court, Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone? I told you what would come of this: Beseech you Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther, But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

*Cam.* Why now Father, Speake ere thou dyest. *Shep.* I cannot speake, nor thinke, Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir, You haue vndone a man of fourescore three, That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea, To dye vpon the bed my father dy'd, To lye close by his honest bones; but now Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me Where no Priest shouds in dust. Oh cursed wretch, That knew't this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone: If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd To die when I desire.

*Flo.* Why looke you so vpon me? I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid, But nothing altdred: What I was, I am: More straining on, for plucking backe; not following My leasht vnwillingly.

*Cam.* Gracious my Lord, You know my Fathers temper: at this time He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse You do not purpose to him) and as hardly Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare; Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle Come not before him.

*Flo.* I not purpose it: I thinke Camillo.

*Cam.* Euen he, my Lord.

*Per.* How often haue I told you 'twould be thus? How often said my dignity would last But till 'twere knowne?

*Flo.* It cannot faile, but by The violation of my faith, and then Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together, And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes: From my succession-wipe me (Father) I Am heyre to my affection.

*Cam.* Be aduis'd.

*Flo.* I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason: If not, my senses better pleas'd with madnesse, Do bid it welcome.

*Cam.* This is desperate (sir.)

*Flo.* So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow: It needs must thinke it honestly. Camillo, Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may Be therat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

Exit.

In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you, As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend, When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not To see him any more) cast your good counsailes Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune Tug for the time to come. This you may know, And so deliuer, I am put to Sea With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore: And most opportune to her neede, I haue A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this designe. What course I meane to hold Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concerne me the reporting.

*Cam.* O my Lord, I would your spirit were easer for aduice, Or stronger for your neede.

*Flo.* Hearke *Perdita*, Ile heare you by and by.

*Cam.* Hee's irremouable, Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if His going, I could frame to serue my turne, Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor, Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia, And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom I so much thirst to see.

*Flo.* Now good Camillo, I am so fraught with curious businesse, that I leaue out ceremony.

*Cam.* Sir, I thinke You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue That I haue borne your Father?

*Flo.* Very nobly Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke To speake your deeds: not little of his care To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

*Cam.* Well (my Lord) If you may please to thinke I loue the King, And through him, what's neereft to him, which is Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction, If your more ponderous and settled proiect May suffer alteration. On mine honor, Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing As shall become your Highnesse, where you may Enioy your Mistis; from the whom, I see There's no disunction to be made, but by (As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her, And with my best endeouours, in your absence, Your discontenting Father, strue to qualifie And bring him vp to liking.

*Flo.* How Camillo May this (almost a miracle) be done?

That I may call thee something more then man, And after that trust to thee.

*Cam.* Haue you thought on

A place whereto you'l go?

*Flo.* Not any yet:

But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie To what we wildly do, so we professe Our selues to be the flauers of chance, and flies Of euery winde that blowes.

*Cam.* Then list to me: This follows, if you will not change your purpose But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia, And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princess, (For so I see she must be) fore *Leontes*;

Shee